Divided from her ſelfe and her faire judgement,
Without which we are but pictures, or meere beaſts.
Laſt, and as much containing as all theſe,
Her brother is in ſecret come from *France*,
Feeds on this wonder, keeps himſelfe in clouds,
And wants not buzzers to infect his eare
With peſtilent ſpeeches of his fathers death,
Wherein neceſſity of matter beggerd
Will nothing ſticke our perſon to arraigne
In eare and eare: O my deare *Gertrard*, this
Like to a Murdring-Peece in many places
Gives me ſuperfluous death. *A noiſe within.*

Enter Meſſenger.

King. Attend, where are my Swiſſers? let them guard the door,
What is the matter?

Meſſen. Save your ſelfe my Lord.
The Ocean over-peering of his liſt
Eates not the flats with more impetuous haſte
Than young *Laertes* in a riotous head
Ore-beares your Officers; the rabble call him Lord,
And as the world were now but to begin,
Antiquity forgot, cuſtome not knowne,
The ratifiers and props of every word,
They cry chuſe we *Laertes* to be King,
Caps, hands, and tongues applaud it to the clouds,
Laertes ſhall be King, *Laertes* King.

Que. How cheerfully on the falſe traile they cry, *A noiſe within.*
O this is counter you falſe Daniſh dogges.

Enter Laertes with others.

King. The doores are broke.

Laer. Where is this King? ſirs ſtand you all without.

All. No let's come in.

Laer. I pray you give me leave.

All. We will, we will.

Laer. I thanke you, keep the doore. O thou vile King
Give me my father.

Que. Calmely good *Laertes*.

Laer. That drop of blood that's calme proclaimes me baſtard,

Cries